



GERALD RUBIN
[1938-1994]

"For us as a generation, the courtroom and jails may be becoming more important than the universities. We are outlaws, enemies of the state. Our enemy owns the police, the courts, the jails. We are no freer than the poorest black woman or man in the darkest jail.

—Jerry Rubin
We Are Everywhere, 1971

Jerry Rubin died Monday evening, November 28, 1994, at the UCLA Medical Center. Born July 14, 1938, in Cincinnati, Ohio, Jerry showed up in Berkeley in the spring of 1965 to form the Vietnam Day Committee. Jerry had a great sense of humor and a flair for happenings. He was a genius at street theater and a fine orator. He would have been a good Mayor for Berkeley had he won in 1967. Run down jaywalking across the street in front of his Brentwood home, I suspect Jerry would have enjoyed the absurdity of his end. We met numerous times over the years and I always enjoyed the short conversations I had with him. During his activist period, he came to Sonoma State College where I was teaching and spoke to the student body. I think he told everyone what a shuck organized education was and suggested the best thing to do was burn down the college and get on with life. It was all part of his public persona at the time. Almost from day one when the media learned Jerry was fast with a sound bite, cameras followed him around. He enjoyed it and he seldom let them down. At the Human Be-In in Golden Gate Park on January 14, 1967, monstrous gathering of the tribes which included all the popcult intellectuals of the time, Tim Leary, Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Lenore Kandel, and umpteen others, Rubin showed up in a Revolutionary soldier's uniform. The crowd wasn't up for any political speeches and I think all Leary said was "Turn on, tune in, and drop out of all social games," while Rubin just smiled and waved at the huge crowd from center stage. 'Twas not the time to talk, not with the Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Sopwith Camel and the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead and a dozen other bands waiting to play. Ginsberg was into his East Indian trip, playing his harmonium and chanting mantras. Snyder was writing about American Indians and retribalization in the San Francisco ORACLE and Lenore Kandel had just been busted for the openly expressed sexual poetry in her

Clay Geerdes **COMIX WAVE** 158
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LOVE BOOK. Rubin was just one of the players in that incredible scene, but he always held his own. We were at a party one evening at the Great American Music Hall. Jim and Artie Mitchell [May you rest in peace, Artie.] were throwing the party for Georgina Spelvin and Linda Lovelace and I think it was a promo for THE DEVIL IN MS. JONES, but there were so many parties in those days, who remembers; anyway Robert Opel had just streaked the academy awards that April and streaking had become faddist around the Bay Area so Jerry Rubin and Roger May stripped and streaked the party.

That's the Jerry Rubin I remember. I wasn't in Chicago for fiasco of 1968, but I followed the trial of the Chicago 7 with a great deal of interest; most of us considered it kind of a last hurrah for the American Establishment; of course, in subsequent years corporate power assimilated the media into a few easily controlled conglomerates, but we still don't believe that corporate bullshit and Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman had a lot to do with debunking and tearing the mask off the beast with one republican and one democratic head.

Jerry's book DO IT is one of the classics of the sixties and I am sure it will go on inspiring people. If you can't find this book and you'd like to read some of Jerry's best stuff, check out his articles in the Berkeley BARB, or his WE ARE EVERYWHERE [New York: Harper and Row, 1971] or his autobiography GROWING UP AT 37. The Berkeley public library maintains a microfilm collection of the BARB and other underground newspapers. Jerry wrote for the BARB off and on from late 1965 through 1969. Unlike a lot of his peers, Jerry made a good living in the last years of his life. He marketed a product that sold well and got the only thing capitalism has to give, material wealth. Some say he sold out, but I never knew Rubin the latterday businessman, the networker; I knew the social gadfly, the clown, the guy who had no patience with the serious face of fascism, and I'm glad I knew him.

This afternoon I stopped by a rally of veterans of the 1964 Free Speech Movement in Sproul Plaza on the University of California campus in Berkeley. Mario Savio was speaking about the recent passage of a bill to

tighten up on immigration laws as "creeping fascism," while down the concrete steps past Ludwig's fountain a cacaphonic punk band was whining away in front of Zellerbach Hall. It was Friday, December 2, 1994, and the occasion was the 30th anniversary of the FSM. Lots of folks hugging and enjoying the sun. Old activists and well-seasoned hippies infiltrated by blue-clad cops on bicycles and a handful of yuppie scum; ah, you would have loved it, Jerry.

Claudia Johnson became upset back in 1986 when she heard the local school board had voted to ban LYSISTRATA and Chaucer's MILLER'S TALE. She went to see the Principal of the high school and he pushed a page of the MILLER'S TALE in her face and said "Ain't you think that's ponography?" Overwhelmed by the staggering intellect before her, Johnson left and filed a lawsuit against the school board. She was joined by two other women from her home town of Lake City, Florida. The story of her five year fight against illiteracy is told in STIFLED LAUGHTER [Golden, Colorado: Fulcrum, 1994]. The account of the trial is hilarious. Johnson found few people who had read a complete book and learned that censors are seldom readers. A typical sign in front of a Lake City church proclaimed: FEAR IS THE DARKROOM WHERE SATAN TAKES YOU TO DEVELOP YOUR NEGATIVES.

Whatever happened to Country Joe and the Fish? Well, Joe McDonald is still around Berkeley and on November 25, he put together a reunion concert with the other members of his group. They would be: Barry Melton, now a district attorney in Ukiah California; David Cohen, a computer programmer working on Wall Street in New York; Bruce Barthol, who works with the San Francisco Mime Troupe, and Chicken Hirsch who designs and sells t-shirts in Ashland Oregon, where he has lived the past 20 years.



I was almost run down by a guy with a Christmas wreath on the front of the radiator of his little green MG--does that mean we're in for a good year? What about Joanie and the Slashettes singing SEX on an old MARRIED WITH CHILDREN or that little black kid in a turkey costume singing "Eat me" in ADDAMS FAMILY VALUES or the escalating popularity of James Carrey who grossed everyone out with his talking asshole act in ACE VENTURA, PET DETECTIVE--does it look like we're in for a good future? I watched a debate on FIRING LINE, presumably about the Women's Movement [as though this were a single entity instead of a collection of groups with goals that differ as much as the various pressure groups organized and controlled by men], and all it did was remind me what a facile snot Bill Buckley is. Did I learn anything about any aspect of the various groups within the women's movement? No. Did I hear a word about the real history of women in America? No. Did I see Betty Friedan take credit for being "the mother of the women's movement." Yes. Which is a joke, huh? Mary Wollstonecraft wrote her VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN in 1792 in England and in America, Amelia Bloomer and Elizabeth Cady Stanton attended the first Women's Congress in 1848, so who is Betty Friedan to take credit for anything but her book THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE [1963]? Those PBS debates always irritate the hell out of me. Who are those people? Mostly the rich with their classist view of the world, badmouthing the poor as though they were responsible for the poverty, crime, and violence. No one said a word about drugs or alcohol. I hear one political party blame the other for the rise in crime, for teenage abortions, for domestic violence, but the rich are to blame and they never accept their guilt. Poor people didn't move any factories to Taiwan and Thailand so products can be assembled by slave labor. Poor people didn't set up the network that now imports tons of cocaine into this country from Bolivia and Peru via Columbia and Florida and Kentucky. Poor people don't own the major media that broadcast disinformation and infotainment designed to pit race against race, nationality against nationality. One can only laugh at

Camile Paglia's diatribe against an Eastern "liberal media." The New York TIMES and Washington POST are owned by billionaires and speak with the voice of an international conglomerate. Paglia is a flake who takes whatever side pleases her at the time, a writer more contradictory than Walt Whitman. Oriana Huffington was the perfect representative of the arrogance of wealth yelling at Betty Friedan to shut up. Huffington dictated her canned remarks to the camera and paid no attention to the comments of the other women, running off the mouth about "volunteerism" and a "return to community." A woman reminded her that all of the women's crisis centers and day care centers were using volunteer help, but the Queen bee was deaf to it all. *What she means by community is a return to slavery; that poor people in this country should be happy for a chance to serve the rich without pay and certainly without the group support of any trade union.* The right to abort unwanted babies is critical to those who want the right to control their lives because an unwanted pregnancy is the end of a woman's freedom. There was no discussion of this issue on the program, just a lot of yelling. It's going to be a war between the rich who can afford to have babies and the poor whose chances of survival are ruined by them. Only those who know the facts can make choices, yet those who advocate teaching these facts are often fired--ask Jocelyn Elders.

SCOOP NISKER WRITES A MEMOIR

Clay Geerdes

Scoop Nisker tells his version of what happened in the sixties in IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE NEWS...GO OUT AND MAKE SOME OF YOUR OWN. This is a top of the head memoir which reveals Nisker's wit, not a documented historical document. I'll give you one example. Nisker wrote: *In the summer of that year [1969], it leaked out that the University of California was going to put a parking lot of a vacant square of land adjacent to the counterculture enclave of Telegraph Avenue. Hippies and radicals decided they wanted to preserve this bit of nature, so they planted a garden, set up benches, and began calling it People's Park. Although no one recognized it at the time, this was one of the early skirmishes of the environmental movement [55].* Well, sorry, Scoop, but this is what actually happened. Ron Delacour, who owned the Red Square, a little clothing store, looked out at the lot behind the Med on Telegraph and thought it might be nice to have a free rock concert out there, featuring the Joy of

Cooking, a band popular in Berkeley at the time. He talked to Max Scheer about this and a few other people began to jam on the idea. On April 13, Max promoted the idea of a People's Park in the Berkeley BARB and folks were invited to come and plant some flowers. On April 20, the park became a reality when over 200 people came. They cleaned the place up, raked it, landscaped it, planted some trees and flowers, put in some kid's playground equipment and a few benches, and the park was a reality. Until the Chancellor's office got wind of what was going on and Assistant Chancellor Earl Cheit decided something had to be done to reclaim the property from the poachers. That was done suddenly on the morning of May 15, 1969, when UC and Berkeley police took the park back, putting up a chain link fence. Governor Reagan called in the National Guard, but he was only able to do so legally because Berkeley was already in a state of emergency from a campus strike by the Third World Liberation Front in early March. Scoop should recall that end of the spectrum in the sixties and did not cooperate. Hippies dropped out and got stoned. Radicals had a political agenda. Environmentalists from the College of Environmental Design at UC were involved in the park from the beginning and everyone around Berkeley knew quite well that the park was an environmental issue. Cliff Humphries of Ecology Action created the first People's Park in mid-1968 at the corner of Dwight and Telegraph where a friend of his suffered in an accident. The idea was his, and the park initiated by Delacour, Wendy Schlesinger, John Read, and others was a continuation of Humphries' idea, not theirs. UC had no plan to put a parking lot in that area in 1969. People parked there when it wasn't too muddy, so it was already partially a parking lot. UC didn't try to pave it until 1972, then the paving was broken up by Park protectors. Various radical groups did try to use People's Park for their own purposes, but this was after the fact. The reader is referred to Robert Scheer's detailed day to day coverage of the Park war in RAMPARTS, to UC sociology prof Todd Gitlin's chronological commentary in THE SIXTIES, and to Tom Hayden's political interpretation in REUNION [he sneaked into the area and observed after it was in progress and had nothing to do with the initial plan.]; my own coverage of the event appeared in the Los Angeles FREE PRESS for three successive weeks in May of 1969.

Keep up with what's going on at the WORDS & PICTURES museum through the WORDS ABOUT PICTURES newsletter. \$2 for a sample from 140 Main St. Northampton, MA 01060.

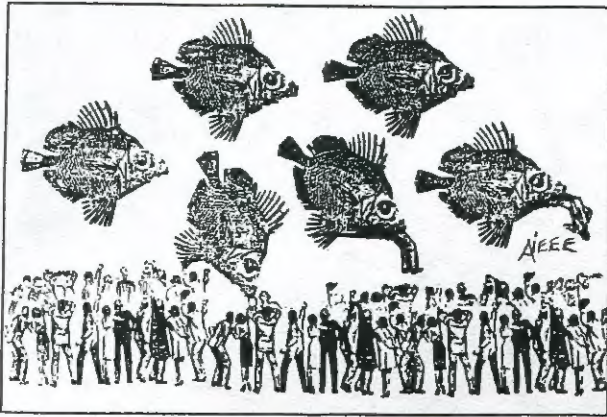
Cases are won or lost, not on the truth, but by the preponderance of perjury uttered by witnesses on the stand, who lie with impunity and then walkaway. This is most true on the criminal side.

Steve Martini
COMPELLING EVIDENCE.

New York: Berkley Books, 1993, p. 386.

KOKOSHKAK is \$2.50 pp from Bruce Stengl, POB 401, Santa Rosa, CA 95402-0401.

Comix Wave



SUCKING YOU OFF TH' PLANET

MAX TRAFFIC '95

Clay Geerdes **COMIX WAVE 159**
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You have to wonder about the layout people at the San Francisco **CHRONICLE**. On Wednesday, January 18, 1995, the headline top left on page A-14 was **Kiddie Porn Appeal Rejected**. Stephen Knox had argued that he could not be convicted of possessing child pornography because the pictures he had purchased were not nudes, but pictures of girls who were dressed. He had been prosecuted under a federal law banning exhibition of a child's genitals or pubic area. His appeal was rejected by the Supreme Court. Right next to the article is a picture of a woman sitting in an easy chair in white bra and panties. The text reads: "Get a free not so innocent nudes panty from Warner's with purchase of two from the collection." It's an Emporium ad. Below, filling the rest of the page are four photographs of models in white bras and tight white panties. It's pretty clear that someone thinks Knox should have bought the **CHRONICLE** rather than those naughty kid pix. You have to wonder about a government prosecuting and imprisoning a man for having in his possession pictures one can find in any department store of chainstore catalog. Knox is paying for his solitary crime with a five year sentence. Doesn't make the Emporium or the **CHRON** any less sexist. Straight advertising for a product contains a drawing or photo of the product whether it's underwear or a bed; when there is a model in the underwear or the bed, something else is being suggested. Lest you think that's the ultimate ad trip, on January 21, 1995, Macy's ran almost a full page ad on p. C-1 of the **CHRON** for **DONNA HARAN New York Parfum**. If you get the **Parfum** in the signature 24k gold and black bottle, numbered and handpainted by a skilled artisan, it's only \$375 an ounce. The bottle is shaped exactly like an erect penis and balls. Does this mean that hardons will become the fashion statement of the late nineties? We're not through yet. In the lower left hand corner, a few inches from that perfume bottle's left testicle is an item entitled **GERE LINKED TO BRITISH MODEL**.

IN LIVING TV

Of course television influences behavior. Anyone who says otherwise is full of shit. Entertainment is always influential. Kids who grow up in the country watching family members play banjos and fiddles often develop an interest in the music and the instruments. I was a radio kid who went to the movies on Friday

nights if Dad took me. I read comic books. If I saw a **Three Muscateers** movie, I went around that week using a stick of lath for my sword, chopping up the weeds that grew along the alley behind our house in Lincoln, Nebraska. Sometimes I pinned on a towel for a cape. If I saw a western movie, I wore my toy guns around and shot bad guy neighbors like the mailman who lived next door. He used to roll a tennis ball up the sidewalk so his black Cocker Spaniel could chase it and bring it back to him. I shot the dog, too. I figured that little bugger could have been Jack Elam in a black hat. Now television has had several decades to infiltrate every household in the country and I see little kids running around karate kicking at each other and I'm supposed to think their behavior isn't influenced by the **Teenaged Mutant Ninja Turtles** or the **Mighty Morphin Power Rangers**? I think some kids are less suggestive than others and some may repress their inclination to imitate, but *all* are influenced by what they see. Be honest now, don't you get the impulse to kick a kid's butt when he raises his hand and says a loud "Yes!" like one of those asshole sitcom kid actors?

The big question is whether or not there is an improper subject for entertainment today. A film in which a white man rapes a black man, then gets his balls blown off in flaming technicolor has just received one of the highest awards. **IN LIVING COLOR** revelled in booger, fart, and shit jokes, thereby making stars of the Wayans Brothers and Jim Carrey [Ace Ventura]. Television movies of the week could be collectively titled **TORTURED WOMEN**. After a friend of mine watched one of these in which a woman was scalded to death in a shower while villain Robert Mitchum skulked outside the glass door, she was upset enough to write to the network in protest [NBC, naturally]. The reply told her the network had no control over the content of the movies; that would be censorship! The Networks certainly have no problem censoring any criticism of capitalism, nor are they troubled that labor has no public voice, but brutalizing women, well, they consider that just good fun. 1995 looks like more of the same. On **Cybill**, a guy referred to his new red Porsche as a "\$70,000 dollar penis." An ex-hubby referred to Cybill's breasts as "the pointer sisters," and the episode ended with Cybill laughing hysterically while she stabbed a man to death in a movie shower scene. Now there's good family entertainment. On **NYPD BLUE** a couple of episodes back, we had to watch Dennis Franz and the female District Attorney shower together nude. Sex object equality lives. How long before **THE LORENA AND WAYNE BOBBITT STORY** hits prime time? They could get the old Coasters' hit *Searchin'* and use it for a theme song. And President Bill fires Ms. Elders for talking about masturbation. Holy hypocrisy, Batman.

Clint Eastwood will be 65 on May 31, 1995. Can you see Clint stopping by his local Social Security office, scowling at the clerk and saying, "Go ahead, make my day."

The first part of a new Terry Laban trilogy is printed in **DARK HORSE PRESENTS #93**. "Eno and Plum" explores the relationship between a woman with a rich father and a grungy loafer. Yuppie Edgar Reamington will flash you back to Archie Andrews' rival, Reggie.

ALL-COVER COMICS 7 is available for 50¢ pp from Randy Paske, 415 N. 17th St. #4, Manhattan, KS 66502-4064.

CUD 8 is at your comic store. Can superstar Bob Cudd survive post-fame?

HATE 17 looks good in color. Bagge's flea market hustler is a good character. Expect most of you will see a bit of yourself in him. The key to fame and fortune for a collector is to buy one or two of the going superfad, salt them away, and pass them along to the kids for their college education. Just as Mickey Mouse items and toys from the thirties are worth big bucks today, so will those first Ninja Turtle action figures, Power Rangers, etc. be the valued items in 2020.

It was logical that IBM and Apple merge in the nineties; otherwise how would they give birth to HAL by 2001 and fulfill Clarke's prophecy?

Information on **Rip Off Press'** recent projects is available from Kathe Todd, POB 4686, Auburn, CA 95604.

POPLORE: Folk and Pop in American Culture. Gene Bluestein argues for a revision of the idea of folklore in this new book from University of Massachusetts Press. Check your local bookstore. One of Gene's sons, Evo Bluestein, plays in a band called **BAD BOY ZYDECO**. Cajun and Zydeco music have become cultic around California in the past five years.

ANIMATION IN POINT RICHMOND?

Pixar, Inc., owned by Apple founder Steve Jobs, is located in Pt. Richmond, California, a little town that is mostly an extension of the Standard Oil Refinery which is located there. Jobs bought Pixar in 1986 when it spun off from Lucasfilm. Pixar built the Computer Animation and Production System [CAPS] used by Disney in **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**. It's RenderMan tool has been improved and is currently being used to make the full-length animated film **TOY STORY**. RenderMan was used to make the liquid steel terminator fought by Schwarzenegger in **TERMINATOR 2**. John Lasseter who won an Oscar in 1988 for **TIN TOY**, the world's first completely computer-animated short feature, is writing and directing **TOY STORY** for Pixar. The project is financially backed by Disney. See story in Gina Smith's **INSIDE SILICON VALLEY** column in San Francisco **EXAMINER**, February 5, 1995, B5,14.

Ed Guthman reviewed Terry Zwigoff's film re **CRUMB** in the San Francisco **CHRONICLE**, Jan. 25, 1995, p. E-1, E-5. A follow up article 1/30/95, p. E-1 noted that Zwigoff's film won the Grand Jury Prize as best documentary. Crumb is pictured with a couple of women. The 1985 *World Almanac* has decided the only underground cartoonists who are worth listing are Robert Crumb and Art Spiegelman [p. 336].

Congrats to Gina and Richie Prosch on their first full-length comic book, **EMMA DAVENPORT**. I really enjoyed the style of this book. Instead of filling in all the details and overwhelming the reader with minutia a la Marvel/Image, Prosch has designed a Rorschach style which draws the viewer in and allows him/her to complete the images. Emma likes to mix and match Shakespeare's characters, no doubt a nod to her academic background. **EMMA** ships in April. Info from Richie at POB 737, Laurens, SC 29360. Send 50¢ and a stamp and get a minicomic, **LYLE #1**.

MEANWHILE, IN ALBION, NEBRASKA...

War Games in Albion, Nebraska? Well Marc Myers looked out his window one day in January and...but, let him tell it: "I look out my window and see 3 cop cars, a van, a K-9 unit blazer and assorted state patrol and other official people sneaking about. They were out with the dog, and I panicked....but all they did was let him go pee. So I see them all move into position around a house down the block, and pretty soon 10 SWAT goons pour out of the van on the other side of the block, and sneak up through the back yard, with shields and rifles!!! Then the guy with the dog moves in. It was all over in a matter of ten minutes, everyone drove away...they had an ambulance parked on the other side of the block. And from what I could see, they may actually have got a person out of the house. Now this is the biggest case of overkill I've ever seen. Last I knew there was a Mexican couple living there, and the place had been boarded up and was in disrepair, but I thought they'd moved out last month. I mean, I had a clear view of this from my picture window. I went outside and an old deputy told me to get back in the house, as he was hiding behind a tree in the front yard. I mean really! This is Albion, Nebraska, population 2,000...and they probably had all the security forces in the area converging on an old house down the block! I thought it could be a drill, but there were still a few cop cars there awhile later, taking stuff out. I didn't know *what* the hell they thought was in that house, but apparently they thought it was really going to fight back. Shit! I never saw this much excitement when I lived in Minneapolis! And no one seems to know about what happened. But maybe I don't know

the right people. It was just really weird, I sit back down to write this and I glance out the window and bang! It's the thought police. They got me. Hunter S. in hand and a few pot seeds in the carpet somewhere. Dangerous criminals lockem up." Marc was reading Hunter Thompson's **BETTER THAN SEX**. That'll teach him to read subversive stuff like that.

Reminds me of a story from about twenty years ago. I had painstakingly grown three pot plants in my Berkeley backyard and all were doing quite well [though all turned out male, so...], but I was concerned that a snoopy neighbor or someone who had it in for me would call The Man and get me busted. The plants were in a protected backyard and tall trees in the next yard screened them from low flying spotter planes or helicopters, but paranoia strikes deep and into my mind it did, indeed, creep. One night I am about to go to sleep and I see these bars of light flash across my ceiling and I hear strange noises outside. I jump out of bed and go to the window and sneak a look out past the drapes and sure enough there are a couple of people out there with flashlights. I race up the hall and into the living room and peek out the windows and I see a couple more flashlights on the street. Well, I figure the cops have found my three plants and it is just a matter of time before they knock on my front door and go into their Miranda routine. Wearily, I get dressed and go from window to window to pass the time while I wait for their knock. Soon, however, they flashlights are gone, moving down the street toward the corner. I get undressed and return to bed. It's about 2:30. I lay there waiting, but no knock. After going through all kinds of bad trip scenarios, I drop off to sleep.

The next morning I found out a couple of guys had robbed a fast food place and the police had chased their car to my street where they jumped and ran, cutting through the yard next to mine. The cops had searched every yard on the block, but found no one. I was only a little relieved. How could they have missed my three giant pot plants when they had my backyard lit up like a sound stage? I figured they would be back and I would still go the way of John Sinclair who did five years for having a joint back in the sixties.

First thing in the morning, I checked the street to make sure it was clear, no strange unmarked cars sitting around. I even strolled around the block, casually, nonchalantly, just like a neighbor walking his dog. Nothing unusual. Back at home I went out behind the house, pulled up my three plants, chopped them up into nondescript vegetation, packed them in a couple of green hefty bags, and stashed them in the trunk of the car. I drove down by the freeway near Emeryville and stopped in a spot where people routinely did wood sculpture and made signs commenting on people's politics and sex life. If you drive to San Francisco from Berkeley and look off to your right at the bay you'll see all these signs and perhaps find a message that expresses your sentiments. I opened the drunk and pulled out the bags, moving them around to the side of the car unseen from the freeway. I knew all the morning commuters were watching me, but I was cool. I just strolled a few feet this way and that like a guy looking for just the right fishing spot. When I walked back past the car I edged the two bags over into a clump of weeds, glanced North and South, then hopped back in the car and copped a u-ie, peeling off for home.

You have to laugh about the whole thing in retrospect, hell, you're probably smoking a joint right now, getting ready for your commute, but when you read about some pool guy getting ten years in the joint for selling some blotter acid at a Dead concert—I mean, Holy Shit. Especially since I wasn't much of a pothead at all. I'd take a hit to keep it all going, but I don't recall buying more than a couple of lids in the entire sixties! I grew those three plants because I was getting into gardening and I wondered if the soil around my house would support them. So so. Though I'll never know now since I never got that trio to harvest time. I think most of the guys who decided on careers as pot farmers took off for Humboldt County.

Boy, a SWAT team in Albion! What do you suppose was in that house?

ANYTIME IS THE BEST TIME TO READ

Clay Geerdes' COMIX WAVE



CRUMB IN EXILE

Robert Crumb's self-image continues to deteriorate. On the cover of the first issue of **SELF-LOATHING COMICS** [Fantagraphics Books, 1995], the ultimate public confessor stares at himself in the mirror, obviously quite horrified at the reflection of his aging self. Born in 1943, Crumb is 52 this year. In his half of this 32-page book, Crumb details his current lifestyle in the small French town where he lives as an expatriate with his wife, Aline, and daughter, Sophie. Awakening from a dream about a visit to a haunted castle with his family, Crumb stays in bed reminiscing about his sexual experiences with groupies of yesteryear. If you have followed his graphic career over the years, you will recognize the women Crumb refers to, if not, no matter, because this is another of those husband and wife jams Crumb began in the seventies when Aline had a bum leg and the duo drew a couple of issues of **DIRTY LAUNDRY** to get themselves past her convalescence. **SELF-LOATHING** is a comic book for insiders, not for newcomers and even those obsessed with the minutia of Crumb's personal life are likely to stifle a yawn in this tedious book. It was outrageous when Crumb drew his character taking a leak on the cover of **YOUR HYTONE COMICS** in February of 1971 because no cartoonist had even done such a cover, but post-Mapplethorpe, the same drawing becomes mundane. Drawings of Crumb fixing his sink or washing the dishes or sitting in front of an empty drawing board are **SIMPLY BORING**, **BOB!** Though the flipside of this comic has a more interesting cover drawing by Aline, her half is as tiresome and tedious as Crumb's.

The attitude of the Crumbs seems to be that everyone is insatiably curious about the intimate details of their lives, so they will satisfy this curiosity in a three dollar comic book, and, while there was an element of truth in that assumption circa 1969, it is no longer true. Today's Ninja Turtle or Power Ranger fan could care less about Crumb's French ennui. Back in the sixties [a title of a Crumb story], readers were fascinated with the comix of R. Crumb or R. Scum, because it was unrepressed and El Crumbo was blatantly honest about his macabre sex fantasies. The Henry Miller of underground comix, he told it all and it was true. None of his

peers revealed the same honesty or directness in their art; all hid behind their characters or stayed off-panel entirely. Who is going to admit to having fantasies about living in a woman's anus? Crumb in **BIG-ASS COMICS**. Who's going to admit having a fantasy about getting it on with his entire family? Crumb in his most often busted story, "Joe Blow," in **ZAP** 4. Crumb made his rep by refusing to censor himself in any way at all. He fought with the feminists early on, telling them if they didn't like what he drew, they could fuck off, because he was going to draw anything he goddamned pleased. In the final issue of **WEIRDO**, a neo-MAD style mag Crumb edited in the mid-eighties, he outraged everyone with stories about when the "Niggers" and "Nazis" take over America. His early drawings of black people in **ZAP** circa 1968 were considered racist, because he drew in a thirties cartoon style in those days; later when he did the research for his stories and drawings of Delta blues musicians, he was praised for his authenticity. All of Crumb's early work, incidentally, is available chronologically in **THE COMPLETE CRUMB** [Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115]. There are ten volumes extant.

In the sixties, Crumb was the ultimate gadfly. Strongly influenced by S. Clay Wilson, a fellow **ZAP** artist who told him he shouldn't hold anything back, Crumb began to open up in his comic stories; taking LSD for the first time in 1965 caused him to overflow and for nearly a decade the ex-Catholic cartoonist produced more single-handed comic books than any other artist in the history of the medium. He invented characters in seconds and put them through their paces in strips and stories. Mr. Natural, Flakey Foont, Angelfood McSpade, Bo Bo Bolinsky, the Sewer Snoids, Honeybunch Kominski, the Vulture Demonesses—Crumb's list could go on for pages. Donald Fiene, associate Professor of Russian at the University of Tennessee, published his **CRUMB CHECKLIST** in 1981, printing pictures of over a hundred characters Crumb had invented and before his book was printed the cartoonist had created a couple dozen new ones.

While he let it all hang out in his comic art, Crumb did not like to be bothered with people, particularly press people and folks with schemes that required him to use his talent to promote them. He wasn't inspired to

draw things other people wanted him to draw, hence he rejected offers from numerous magazines. But fame had its way with him. He gave in and allowed Ralph Bakshi to make an animated film out of his **FRITZ THE CAT** stories [published in **CAVALIER** in 1965, and collected by Ballantine in 1968], but he hated the final result and took his revenge by having Andrea Ostrich kill Fritz by stabbing him in the back of the head with an ice pick [in **THE PEOPLE'S COMICS**, a book Crumb gave to his friend, Terry Zwigoff, as a favor during the short period when Zwigoff was into being a publisher]. To deal with all the people constantly trying to get to him, Crumb moved to the country and began to interview himself, publishing these graphic interviews in mags like **HIGH TIMES**. The more Crumb tried to hide, the more people chased after him. He didn't want to be an editor and make decisions about other people's art and writing and, after Wilson and others joined in on **ZAP**, he distanced himself from the project, contributing a story every couple of years, but refusing any deeper involvement. In the eighties, he gave in and agreed to edit **WEIRDO** for Ron Turner at Last Gasp Comix, but he found he felt no different about editing than he had when he was younger and before long he passed the job on to Peter Bagge and took off for France.

He had virtually the same experience with music. For awhile he played banjo and sang old twenties and thirties songs with Dodge, Armstrong, and Zwigoff in The Cheap Suit Serenaders, but when it came to touring with the band, making it something more than a hobby, Crumb opted out. He felt too exposed, too public. People came up to him after the gigs and wanted too much of him. In the mid-seventies he was still suffering from the trauma of the Entertaining Comics Convention he had attended in 1972. He had gone to New York, because **MAD** and **HELP!** editor Harvey Kurtzman pressured him into it. Once there, he was mobbed by fans who had seen his strips in underground papers and read the first few issues of **ZAP**. The experience terrorized Crumb. It was too much. He couldn't take all that adoration. He stayed away from comic conventions after that.

Crumb's **ZAPS** are still in print; indeed, **ZAP** has been in print longer than any other comic book, which means Crumb has to deal with reactions to artwork he did when he was



Clay Geerdes **COMIX WAVE 160**
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young. The 52-year-old man who drew **SELF-LOATHING** is a pale shadow of the young cartoonist who used his pen to deflate everything from his father's inflated ego to Mansonesque hippie gurus and rock stars, nevertheless, he has to answer to young people who have just discovered his graphic sex fantasies and are curious about the personality and character of someone who could think about such things let alone have the nerve to draw and publish them.

But the young Crumb looked outside himself as much as he did within and for nearly two decades he functioned as one of America's sharpest satirists. The older Crumb appears to have withdrawn. Hiding in a small town in France where he chose to move to protect his daughter from the violence of contemporary America, Crumb has no more to say than anyone else in a comparable situation. His daughter, Sophie, comes across as the most interesting character in **SELF-LOATHING**, but she is only shown reacting; Crumb does not move into her life, show her at school, or give any indication what it is like for her to live in exile in France. He does indicate the beginning of what will develop into a more serious conflict in the future by having Sophie correct his amateurish French. At twelve, she is probably already comfortable with a language Crumb has yet to master. He casts himself as a not-so-innocent abroad, a rather lazy middle-aged man whose wife clearly rules the roost, but what shows through this comic book attempt is the artist's lack of interest in the project. The reader who wants to see a better side of the elder Crumb should have a look at his illustrations for a recent collection of stories by Franz Kafka.

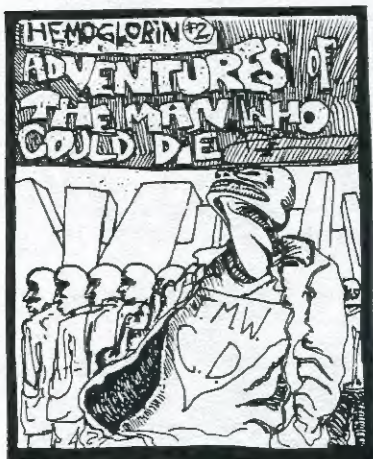
And if you want to laugh and enjoy yourself, go back and read the early issues of **ZAP**, **MOTOR CITY**, and **BIG ASS!**

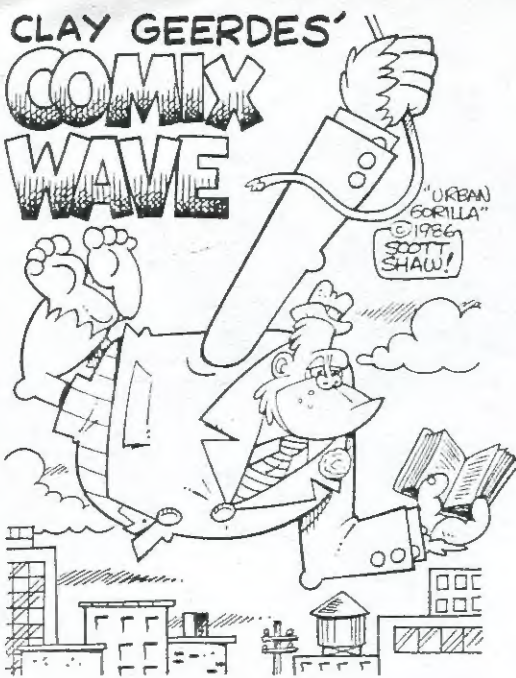


Well, Scoop Nisker defines himself as a hippie [p. 70] in his autobiography **IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE NEWS, GO OUT AND MAKE SOME OF YOUR OWN**, but after telling about a commercial he put on KSAN for a negative-heel shoe chain, he wrote: "Some say they felt 'laid back' while wearing them, while others report feeling more like one of the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers in the famous 'truckin' cartoon—in a kind of perpetual strutting mode [136]." Sorry, Scoop, but no cigar. Those truckers were drawn by Robert Crumb and the poster was made from a drawing in one of his sketchbooks. Crumb liked old radio and he recalled a disc jockey signing off with 'keep on truckin'. The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers were drawn by Gilbert Shelton for a comic strip first run in the Los Angeles **FREE PRESS** in 1968 and they were not related to Crumb's truckers. Actually, truckin' was a figure in a dance called the Big Apple. It was faddist in 1937 when **LIFE** ran a picture.

You get the latest **WHITE BUFFALO GAZETTE** from Steve Willis, POB 390, McCleary, WA 98557-0390. \$1.55 pp. Add half a buck more and get the new Maximum Traffic minicomic **SKINNED ALIVE BOY #4**. Willis is handling some of my old CW stuff, so ask for his catalog. To get some of Max's own minis, send him a couple of bucks at POB 2452, Butler, PA 16003. He'll include a list of his latest stuff. He may still have a few copies of the 100th issue of his **OBSCURO ARTISTS 1994** sampler. Wrote Max: "I have a keen admiration for the humor and courage of the Yippie scene. I was sure it would change America for the better...but, alas, we are ever more & more becoming a total police state controlled by the rich. Almost all the press I've seen on Rubin was a bit scathing and condescending. I think they mean to write the underground culture right out of existence [ltr to me, 1/95/95]." Well, sure they are, Max, but given the number of people who collected all that hippie/yippie stuff, it won't be all that easy to do. A number of libraries, like Berkeley's Main, have microfilm films of underground newspaper collections and there are a couple of dozen books out now that give pretty detailed historical info re Haight-Ashbury, the East Village, and other subcultural seed pods. I read Joel Selvin's memoir of the acid rock scene, **SUMMER OF LOVE** [New York, Dutton, August, 1994] and it tells it like it was; rich white punks on dope. Lots of folks have never known that ultra-hip musicians like Grace Slick and Steve Miller and David Crosby came from wealthy families; Selvin's analysis of the music business reveals far more wealthy kids at play than rags to riches runaways with cheap guitars and talent. It's an ideal buster so if you love some of those sixties groups, avoid the book. Remember what T. S. Eliot said: Mankind cannot stand too much reality.

An animator I have known and respected for many years sent me this information: "I have come to believe that it is utterly impossible for anyone—regardless of how eminently qualified—who does not happen to be a family member or close personal friend of the Hollywood Power Elite, to get Hollywood financing of any kind, especially for animation. The current state of Hollywood proves that. At virtually every major Hollywood live action studio today animation is being financed, but nowhere are any qualified people in charge of it; instead, at virtually every studio, the people in charge are so totally ignorant of the basic animation process, and of animation history, that they feel compelled to admit it, to spare themselves even greater personal embarrassment." Well, looking at the top-grossing films in the latest World Almanac, one wonders how anyone but Spielberg, Lucas, and a couple of others can get financing for any project.





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LYNN HANSEN [1959-1995]

Collector-critic **Lynn Hansen** died circa April 10, 1995, in Roswell, New Mexico. Those interested in Hansen and his work may send an SASE to Steve Willis, POB 390, McCleary, WA 98557-0390. Steve wrote an article about his long relationship with Hansen. It will appear in a future issue of the **WHITE BUFFALO GAZETTE**.

ELLISON'S DREAM CORRIDOR

Davis Wallach

Harlan Ellison's **DREAM CORRIDOR**, a quarterly comic book from Dark Horse, made its first run in January of this year.

This book is for Ellison fans primarily. There is nothing new, original or very creative in the entrees exhibited. As Ellison's output has not progressed or shown any depth in the past four decades, I doubt if he has impressed anyone outside his *cult* of fans. He remains the self-hyped hack and tiresome monologist he has been since I first met him in 1969.

The comic sells for \$4.95. It contains four illustrated stories preceded by a drawing of a white-haired unwrinkled Ellison lauding the artists of the stories and himself to the nth degree. The plots are not only recycled Ellison, but reminiscent of Twilight Zone episodes and standard movie plots. To demonstrate that he is not a "sci-fi writer," Ellison submits a western story concerning a gunfighting marshall who won't quit and a gangster revenge plot over the murder of a gang boss's sister. How original!

Harlan has done some good work in the 60s and 70s. A couple of **STAR TREK** scripts as well as two years of tv criticism for the **LA FREE PRESS** and **LA WEEKLY NEWS**. He also had one of his few stories since 1980 selected as one of the best short stories of the year 1993 in the *O Henry Collection*.

Despite his enormous ego and tireless self-promotion, Ellison does not rate above your everyday contributor to pay-by-the-word monthly magazines, someone whose fame will not succeed his death.

In conclusion: it cost a fin for four unexceptional comic stories by four different artists, each preceded by unabashed and uncriticized self-advertisements, all on glossy paper. Your move, Pally.

Terry Zwigoff does CRUMB

Review by Clay Geerdes

As a film, Terry Zwigoff's **CRUMB** is interesting; as a documentary, fragmentary and incomplete; but as history, it's a complete failure. In spite of a competent editing job, the film is still a lot of home movie footage spliced together and, while insiders will know who is talking and what is going on, the general public will see a bizarre freak show, one which relentlessly invades the privacy of the Crumb family. While one can argue that it is difficult to invade the privacy of a couple of people like Robert and Aline Crumb who have made a career out of making their private lives public through a series of comic book stories beginning with **DIRTY LAUNDRY**, it is quite clear that the privacy of Crumb's mother, Beatrice, and his brothers, Charles, Jr., and Maxon has been invaded. In a comic strip reply published in **THE NEW YORKER** for April 24, 1995, Crumb reacted to the film: "Of course, no one feels any empathy for us...No, instead they congratulate us! They can't imagine anything more fabulous than getting a lot of media attention...[97]." Clearly, Robert and Aline Crumb see the movie only in terms of themselves, which is natural, but I'm afraid public reaction is likely to be quite different than they imagine. When I saw the film at the UC Theater in Berkeley in May of 1995, I did not find myself empathizing with Crumb and his wife. I *did* find myself feeling sorry for his mother, Beatrice, and while I am used to seeing Crumb's sex comic and am familiar with his various hang-ups, I am sure the audience around me was a little surprised to see what they considered hard-core pornography on the big screen in front of them. While Crumb expressed his irritation about getting hustled by a lot of people, I was wondering how Sophie Crumb would feel when the kids she goes to school with start asking her about the movie she's in, a movie that contains a lot of Crumb's most explicit sex art, namely his "Joe Blow" story from **ZAP 4**, the most often busted underground comic. While the Crumbs have always been isolated from public opinion via their acceptance by a subculture with a positive attitude toward psychedelic drugs, sex, and music, it might surprise them to know that 99.9999 % of the population will be rather upset when they see Crumb's erotica on the big screen and more upset when they realize his underage daughter appears in the same film.

Terry Zwigoff, who has become the media spokesman for Crumb during the PR phase of **CRUMB** promotion, has been expressing a lot of irritation at those establishment critics who tend to focus on what they term Crumb's "dysfunctional family," but they have simply picked the easiest way to deal with the subject matter of the film; the polite press could hardly focus on Crumb's blatant sexual fantasies and talk about his piggy-back ride on the back of the female editor of **BIG BUTTS** magazine. The early reviews of **CRUMB** in Bay Area papers were based on the screening at the Kabuki in San Francisco where the film played as an entry in the San Francisco International Film Festival and as I read them I got the idea most of the film was about Crumb's family, mainly

his brother, Charles, Jr., who committed suicide about a year after the interview shown in the film, but this is not true at all. While Charles is given his due as a major influence on his younger brother, he is not the main focus of the film anymore than is Maxon Crumb, an artist living in poverty on the street in San Francisco. Robert Crumb and his art are the focus of the film and it is Crumb's voice that is heard most of the time. Zwigoff and his crew are a lot kinder to the **ZAP** artist than they are to the rest of the Crumb family. Beatrice, who raised five children, very close in age, under the stressful conditions of wartime America, is treated as an irritation and ridiculed in **CRUMB**. She appears in one scene and is *not* asked what she thinks of her son's artistic achievements. Though she has obviously cooked and cleaned and cared for her depressed son, Charles, who has lived at home since high school, she is given nothing in this film, no understanding or appreciation, just nothing. How are we supposed to feel when we see this woman living in such squalor and realize that her son has just committed suicide and Robert is taking off to live in France? This is Sophie's grandmother being left alone in that miserable house. What's dysfunctional about this picture?

Crumb isn't worried about his mother seeing the film, he says in **THE NEW YORKER**, because she hasn't been to a movie in thirty years. Amazing. And no one is going to mention it to her? None of her friends is going to read about the film? Elsewhere, Crumb has said his mother watches television all the time; can it be he does not know that the Crumb film was discussed on *Entertainment tonight*? That Siskel and Ebert gave it two thumbs up back in April? Well, Crumb, I've got news for you. Beatrice may not go to movies or read **FILMMAKER** magazine, but I'll bet there are a lot of copies of **TIME**, and **NEWSWEEK** floating around her neighborhood and your mom and Aline's mom are going to know all about what's in **CRUMB** whether they go out to a theater to see it or not.

The film had a large audience in Berkeley. The candy counter sold out of **DEVIL GIRL** chocolate bars at \$2.50 apiece. There was a display of Crumb comic and memorabilia in a glass case just outside the auditorium and people spent a lot of time looking inside at the various comic books and card sets. Onscreen the sound was clear and the music was nice. Crumb spoke about his art and his life and sketched continuously. Various people spoke about Crumb and his work, but the choice was curious. Spain was onscreen, but undefined. He knew Crumb, of course, from the East Village **OTHER** scene in New York circa 1967-68. Both contributed to Walter Bowart's underground paper. After **ZAP** opened up to other contributors in late 1968, Spain was in the Bay Area and he contributed along with Victor Moscoso, Robert Williams, S. Clay Wilson, and Gilbert Shelton. The audience should have been told about Spain and the other speakers; as **CRUMB** stands, these people are just there and future viewers will have no way of knowing why. Why Trina? Well, she was part of the East Village scene in the mid-sixties and some of her early art appeared in **EVO**. By 1969, she was in the

Bay Area, living with some other women as the It Ain't Me, Babe, collective in Berkeley. She's on film to give an alternative view of Crumb's misogyny. Don Donahue helped Crumb get the first issue of ZAP out in February of 1968, which is why he is in the film, but Terry forgets to let the audience know so he is just there, like Hughes, TIME's art critic and Dierdre English, people from the Establishment spliced in to justify CRUMB. It would have been more interesting and appropriate to hear from people who knew and worked with Crumb, like Harvey Pekar, for instance, many of whose stories Crumb illustrated for AMERICAN SPLENDOR, or Ron Turner, Last Gasp Publisher, who put up the money for WEIRDO in the eighties and kept Crumb's comic career afloat, or Gary Groth, COMICS JOURNAL publisher who financed THE COMPLETE CRUMB and deserves the thanks of all collectors and researchers--most of the people who knew and worked with Crumb are conspicuously missing from Zwigoff's quasi-documentary. Bill Griffith appears for a moment but doesn't mention that Crumb contributed to his YOUNG LUST comic books. Those who are looking for the Crumb story are not going to find it here.

Crumb's love of music is touched on, but there is no footage of his participation in the Cheap Suit Serenaders, a band that included Bob Armstrong, Zwigoff, and Dodge. One of the nicest moments in the film for me is when Crumb is shown playing Joplin's *Real Slow Drag* on his old upright piano, one of my favorite rags. Crumb did card sets, album covers, and a number of biographic stories of blues musicians, but very little of this is shown in the film. There is a CD of the sound track on sale. A self-portrait profile by Crumb appears on the cover. Expect the Cheap Suits to play some of the music at their reunion in Concord, June 3, 1995; They will appear with Garrison Keillor's PRAIRIE HOME COMPANION which will be broadcast by KPFA at 3 pm that afternoon. There's irony for you. Avuncular heartland cleanliness and Godliness meets the misogynistic creator of Angelfood McSpade and Devil Girl and the Vulture Demoneses. Ah, well, I just learned a lot of Catholic Disney investors are divesting since they learned Disney was responsible for the film, PRIEST. Strange paradoxical times we live in. A team-up I'd love to see: Madonna meets the Cheap Suit Serenaders.

Obviously, Zwigoff chose to focus on the sexual fantasy art of Crumb's early period [or he allowed his film editor to control the final cut] and to ignore the WEIRDO period. What was Crumb like as an editor? Did people find him amenable, agree with his choice of material? This aspect of his career is ignored.

While Zwigoff pursues his portrait of the artist as satyr, he neglects the Crumb who was generous with his early art, who gave books to many different companies to help them get started, who gave stories to numerous titles to help sales of those books. Crumb, for all his profligacy, lived the lifestyle of the sixties. He rejected all the establishment come ons and was never in it for the money. He was exploited mercilessly, the fate of any good artist under capitalism, and others made far more money from his work than he ever did. He will be the Van Gogh of his time. In the near future, his originals will sell for six figures and more. As Mr. Natural said: 'Twas ever thus.

In "A Concord Home Companion," in the Oakland TRIBUNE, June 5, 1995, p. C-1. William Friar Reviewed Garrison Keillor's Prairie Home Companion broadcast from the Concord Pavilion during which R. Crumb played banjo with the Cheap Suit Serenaders. A Photo shows Crumb with the beard he grew in response to his newly revived celebrity status [CRUMB was released in the U. S. in April, 1995]. This show was broadcast over KPFA on June 3, 1995, at 3 pm. Crumb played at 3:25 pm. Keillor joined Crumb in a duet for "San Francisco Bay Blues."



Cartoonist/singer R. Crumb gets a microphone adjustment before the broadcast.



Dressing should be an adventure. Better yet, it should be an aphrodisiac. Lois Lane didn't even think of going out with Clark Kent when he looked like a nerd. But once he became Superman, donning that fabulous cape and bodysuit and showing off his many bulges, she was hooked.

Anka Radakovich
THE WILD GIRLS CLUB, 1995.

The latest WHITE BUFFALO GAZETTE is out from Maximum Traffic, POB 2452, Butler, PA 16003. Send Max a couple of bucks for a copy. He trades, plugs, and sometimes comments. As for the Big Boy Goes to Heaven issue. Someone in Ohio actually managed to steal a 300 pound Big Boy in Ohio. I used to eat at the one in Fresno when I was teaching there. I was into junk food then. Didn't know half of what went on in the parking lot in those days. I learned later that some of the biggest drug deals were made in the shadow of the Big Boy.

Jerry Riddle's CHECK YOUR STARS is \$3 or a trade from him. 4126 San Roberto #2, Anchorage, AK 99508-2862.

Valentino has published his early autobiographical writings/drawings as VIGNETTES. Many of these pieces appeared in issues of my COMIX WAVE MAGAZINE in the early 1980s. Along with Valentino's commentary, the reprinted stories reveal the development of an artist. It's all here, the good and the bad. I enjoyed the vignette about Valentino meeting Harvey Pekar at a San Diego Con. He was insulted by Pekar's wife. I met Pekar at that same convention. We had corresponded during the early days of his AMERICAN SPLENDOR and I had enjoyed the correspondence and was looking forward to a conversation with him. I walked up to his table and introduced myself and he shoved his recent book in my face and tried to sell it to me. No talk. No conversation. He came on like a used car salesman. I eased away from him into the crowd. Sometime later I was told he was to be on Letterman so I tuned in that evening and watched Pekar playing the same role on tv. Later I talked to others and some said Pekar sure did it to Letterman, huh? I didn't see it that way. I found the whole thing unpleasant. To me, Pekar had a chance to talk about the comix to a National audience and he made a fool of himself by being nasty. For what? We know Letterman works for a capitalist network and he has his limits just as anyone else who works for someone else. Pekar wouldn't have lasted long at his job if he went against his boss. I talked to people who thought Pekar was cool by geeking for Letterman; I thought he blew it.

\$8.95 pp from Eyescream Graphics, 31878 Del Obispo #118-312, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675.

Nice article on Guy Colwell in the Oakland TRIBUNE, May 9, 1995. Guy talks about his past and his history as an underground artist and painter in the Bay Area. He is currently painting miniatures and working on a mural for the Caffe Mediterraneo in Berkeley.

In THE JOE BOB REPORT for May 15, 1995, we find out how the great one feels about health food folks. He sounds like a steak and potatoes kinda guy. Vegetarians take note. You can get a sample of the REPORT from him at POB 2002, Dallas, TX 75221. Send \$3.

BOB RITA

Bob Rita, a co-founder of The Print Mint, died of a heart attack this past February. Bob was Chinese and he came to this country from a small village in Hawaii. During the late sixties, he took over publication of ZAP COMIX and was at the heart of underground comix publishing for nearly a decade. When you walked in the door of The Print Mint warehouse on Folger in Berkeley, the first thing you saw was Bob sitting behind his desk. The first time I stopped by there as a writer for the Los Angeles FREE PRESS doing a series of reports on underground comix, Bob showed me around the warehouse and told me a lot about the way the company had evolved out of a poster business in Moe's bookstore. He gave me a handful of comix from the row of boxes nearby and posed for the picture that was published in the Estren HISTORY OF UNDERGROUND COMICS. Bob dealt with the artists who brought in work to be published and his wife, Peggy, kept the books and records. A surfer, Bob was pleased with his reissue of Rick Griffin's surf art from SURFER as TALES OF THE TUBE. I still have the copy he gave me.



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WONDER CON 1995

On the cover of the program book for WONDER CON 9, Sergio Aragones' Groo is driving the comic dealers out of the dealer's room like Jesus drove the money changers out of the temple. In the actual dealer's room at the Convention Center in Oakland on April 22, 1995, more card dealing was going on than anything else. Behind the scenes, a lot of games of MAGIC were in progress, MAGIC being the latest fad, a game, I was told, a la Dungeons and Dragons, played with sets of cards. The comic book business appears to be suffering financially and one dealer suggested the number of countrywide stores might go from over 5,000 to less than 1,000 by 1996. Everything is blamed. Too many books. Too many companies. Too much of the same superhero rot aimed at the same audience. Prices on Golden and Silver Age comics continue to be inflated artificially. I think a lot of dealers simply double or triple the prices they had on the comics from the previous year. I looked at a lot of mildewed and quasi-rotten third and fourth-rate funny animal comics from the forties with price tags over \$50 and felt contempt for the people perpetrating this fraud. Old issues of NEW FUNNIES in the 60s and 70s sequences going for those prices? Bullshit. What this kind of greed has done is wipe out the average collector who might buy these old comics. I'm not surprised that a shitty comic like ACTION 1 sold for over a hundred grand earlier this year. Hey, there are people who pay millions for Andy Warhol's "paintings" so a high price tag has nothing to do with aesthetics. I've seen some ugly art hanging around this past couple of years and I mean bloated, angular, hostile, arrogant, snide, disgusting, meaningless, unsympathetic characters; parodies of parodies, clichés to the max, a humorless crop of Superman and Batman clones. No wonder bankruptcy is around the corner.

A friend told me she went to a Marvel panel and watched "five scared editors" hype the product. Stan Lee no longer runs the Marvel Universe and today's young editors are here today and gone tomorrow, the only criteria is money. Marvel owns Fleer now so there was a glitzy display of cards. Buy me! Buy me! There was Vampirella there to hype the new line of Vampirella comics. She looked uncomfortable with all those eyes on her exposed body. The little red costume was a couple sizes too small and her silicone implants were jammed up against each other. It was her duty to stand around in the dealers' room for hours, posing with the right people, keeping the right smile pasted on her face. The perfect

symbol of the reactionary nature of the comic book industry. One young dealer told me frankly that he considered the comics "misogynistic anti-intellectual trash." Hey, nothing wrong with some tits and ass or tight-bulging muscles, but there has to be something more than repetitive sex and violence and tv street rap. There isn't a lot of honesty in either the books or the business these days. The younger kids are lied to and hustler routinely with a lot of mass-produced "collectors' items" that hit the quarter bins in short order. Teach the kids to be greedy little pigs. Forget the art and story. Look what happens: a kid buys a comic he is told has a certain value, then he goes to another dealer and tries to sell it only to hear that dealer tell him: "Get outa here. I got four cases of that shit." Nothing like this two-faced dealer attitude to make cynics out of the kids.

But did I hear any gossip? Well, Ron Turner showed me the cover for a collection he is doing of Justin Green's BINKY BROWN stuff. Said he saw the CRUMB movie Terry Zwigoff made and enjoyed it. It opened April 20 at the Kabuki in San Francisco. Crumb is still in France and will probably hide until the film has passed. On the other hand, be nice to see Crumb on all the talk shows, huh, up there on stage confronting a Donahue or Oprah audience? Or a Crumb THIS IS YOUR LIFE. Robert confronted by all the family and friends he has lampooned in his comic stories the past twenty years. "And, Bob, remember the high school bully you always criticized in your autobiographical stories? Well, he's here tonight. We flew him in just for this occasion!" Turner said Kitchen printed some of the movie posters, but there were none at Wonder Con. S. Clay Wilson was signing something somewhere in the room, but I never found him. Guy Colwell has painted a lot of nice miniatures and has been commissioned to do a mural for the Med on Telegraph in Berkeley.

Carlos Saldaña signed his BURRITO: JACK OF ALL TRADES for me. I read the first two issues. Nice style. Light-hearted at times, serious at others, a reflection no doubt of the artist's life in East Los Angeles. His address is POB 30476, Los Angeles 90030. \$7 for the first two issues. #3 due in July. Another Latino comic company has formed in Dallas. Richard Dominguez published EL GATO NEGRO 1 this past October. \$3.25 pp from him POB 35833, Dallas, TX 75235.

Crabman did the cover and a story for BUZZARD 13. \$4 pp from Cat-Head Comics, POB 576, Hudson, MA 01749. Steve Beaupre edits and BUZZARD comes out about three times a year. Others in this issue include Steve Lafler, Lloyd Dangle, and J. R. Williams.

Good news is that Chuck Jones is back. He has made a sequel to ONE FROGGY EVENING that will be released with BATMAN FOREVER. Jones comeback started with his Road Runner cartoon, CHARIOTS OF FUR, released with RICHIE RICH. Jones was a director at Warner Brothers from the thirties to the sixties. William Friar wrote a nice article about his career in the Oakland TRIBUNE for April 12, 1995, p. B-1. In that same issue, Frank Rizzo has a nice piece on Leonardo DiCaprio, coming into his own as a movie star since the success of THIS BOY'S LIFE and WHAT'S EATING GILBERT GRAPE? Leonardo is the son of underground comic writer [GREASER COMICS] and distributor, George DiCaprio. His newest film is THE BASKETBALL DIARIES.

The latest hustle is Hollywood's first interactive movie, MR. PAYBACK. The idea of an interactive movie like that of interactive TV is pure hokum, since the choices are pre-programmed. Locally, MR. PAYBACK was shown in one of those shoebox mallplexes that hold 100 people. Each person had a remote allowing three choices. What happened onscreen was determined by a computer which averaged the choices. If 51 of the 100 decided to blow up the villain, he was blown up. Real interaction between a person and a computer happens everytime someone boots up, but to refer to MR. PAYBACK as an interactive movie is a fraud because the audience cannot choose the choices. I can't run a program that isn't installed on my computer. I can only select and use what is there. At the same time, there are an infinite number of ways I can use my programs to create what I want be it a letter, a picture, a game, or an animated sequence for a CD-ROM. Interactive TV includes several versions of an event and I can choose one of them, but I can't select my own version and reject the preconceptions of the creator. MR. PAYBACK is nothing but a collection of tired out adventure film clichés, more macho brainwash aimed at preadolescent boys.

THE WILD GIRLS CLUB

Anka Radakovich, sex columnist for **DETAILS** mag, put together some of her funniest columns for **THE WILD GIRLS CLUB: TALES FROM BELOW THE BELT** [New York: Ballantine, May, 1995]. Anka who describes a condom as "an extra sock for the third leg," has done everything at least once, and most things a lot more often. The difference between her and many other women authors is her willingness to talk about her experiences in detail, and like some of the folks in the AVA, particularly on the letters pages, she expressed opinions about everything. "To women, the penis is a peculiar organ. We believe that man's best friend is actually his penis. Like a dog, it is always happy to see us, enjoys being petted, and often rubs itself against our legs. When we are not calling it "it" or "he," we are using pet names [8]." Anka denies Freud's theory that women envy penises: "...we do not envy the penis. The reasons are obvious. First, we would not know how to sit comfortably with one; second, we do not want something veiny falling out of our shorts; and third, a penis looks terrible in a tight dress [11]." Anka did a survey of sexual attitudes in the 1990s and was surprised at a lot of the answers she received. She asked "What do you regret or resent about sexuality in the 90s?" only to find the general consensus was "people felt they missed out on the sexual revolution. They felt cheated and angry that their parents used to get laid more than they do. Whereas the worst fear of our parents' generation was pregnancy, our generation's biggest worry is AIDS [31]." Anka was encouraged by the large number of people who expressed a desire for someone to love, but realized since nearly half of her respondents admitted to cheating on their girlfriends at least once "that men are still, in the end, led around by the head between their legs [32]." From some of the kinky answers to her survey, she concluded that "deep down, men would really love to be doing the wild thing way more than they are—and the kinkier, the better [33]."

Though routinely the tongue-in-cheek parodist, Anka engages in some of the how-to rap that made Helen Gurley Brown's **SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL** a top seller three decades back. She includes a chapter on how to dump the boyfriend, noting "the breakup letter should be gentle, soothing, and always take the high road. It's a kind move to say something about how wonderful he was, how you'll miss being with him, and how lucky you feel to have known him. Leave out any mention of the fact that his excessive flatulence gave you headaches [39]." Men and women react differently to a break-up. "A woman's first move is to get together with her girlfriends. She pours out the story, elicits sympathy, and listens to them tell her what a loser he was for dumping her, reminding her that he was conceited about his looks and that his penis was too small anyway [39]." And the guys? Anka pictures them racing off to a strip bar "to seek comfort in the cleavage of writing women with names like Candy Cantaloupes [40]." C'mon, Anka, give guys credit for a little more sensitivity. Break-ups are always complex. If love has run its course, both parties may be relieved when one or the other calls the hand, but if one is still smitten while the other's passions have drifted elsewhere, weird things may happen. A friend of mine was still in mid-passion a few years back when the object of his love/lust decided to end it. He couldn't take it. Developed a response to her car that was almost fetishistic. Whenever he saw the car on the street, his heart pumped faster and he broke out into a sweat. He followed the car all over town, even though he knew everywhere she was likely to go. She wouldn't talk to him on the phone and if he caught up with her car she wouldn't roll down the window and listen to him. He was a basket case for months. And it was her he wanted, not Candy Cantaloupes or some stranger in a body bar.

Since I have known a number of people around the Bay Area who have tried to connect via the singles ads in the various entertainment papers, I enjoyed Anka's account of her trip through the ad world. She's right about everyone lying in their ads, but that stands to reason. Who is going to put in an ad that tells the truth? Entertainers certainly don't. Ever go to a club to see that dashing young blues singer on the poster only to find a man at least twenty years older with a beer belly and lots of wrinkles? Anka describes one of her dates: "My third bachelor was Tom, a thirty-four-year old doctor who specialized in liver transplants and tissue research. I made the mistake of saying, 'Tissue research, how interesting!' and he launched into a monologue about isolating tissue cultures. After fifteen tedious minutes, I changed the subject to avoid slipping into a coma. To liven things up I asked, 'When they do sex-change operations from male to female, do they really stuff the meat back up in there?' He was not amused [59]." A friend of mine who tried the ad scene for awhile learned that a lot of

middle-aged men, many of them married, many of them rapists, used the ads as a way to get sex. While she was smart enough to meet first time dates in public places she chose, she was still date raped twice in a few months time.

The next illusion that was shattered for Anka was the singles cruise. After the **LOVE BOAT** years, most people probably thought everyone who took a cruise to Hawaii or the Caribbean Islands had pecs and buns of steel and a witty comment for every occasion, but 'twas never thus. Says Anka: "I fantasized about an adventure set aboard an elegant ocean liner of the 1930s, a Noel Coward scenario where the men were sophisticated, the women chic. Instead I discovered Middle America aboard a crowded fourteen-floor floating hotel/mall in Vegas. The decks were packed with honeymooners from Indiana and retirees in comfy leisurewear, as well as tour groups of insurance salesmen and Finalube (oil Lubricant) conventioners from Texas [71]."

THE WILD GIRLS CLUB is a lot of fun. You'll enjoy Anka's piece on testing designer condoms. I'm still not used to walking into a drugstore and seeing an entire section filled with dozens of brands of an item I bought with a great deal of embarrassment from a druggist's wife in my teen years. Anka is right when she says that embarrassment has not disappeared. "Today women and men are buying condoms, sharing both the responsibility and the shopping experience. While some men were raised to believe that a condom in their wallet was a badge of playboyhood, women now slip them into their handbags as a matter of convenience and safety. Our only problem with shopping for condoms at the drugstore is the inevitable sudden appearance of four male salesclerks who emerge from the woodwork, eager to serve us. This makes us even more uncomfortable when we're standing in front of boxes with names like 'Climax,' 'Night Rider,' and 'Deep Stroker [84].'"

While Japanese theater has a long tradition of single-sex casting, contemporary comic books aimed at Japanese girls have gone a step further to serialize romances between beautiful, sensitive gay men, who are called 'honorable pots' in slang. From this came an unflattering vogue word for girls who search for real-life versions of their comic-book darlings by attaching themselves to gay men. Japanese speculate that they are attracted by the safety of being with gays, or by a common interest in fashion, or simply because they can't catch a boyfriend. Their close association with 'pots' brands them as okoge, a term usually applied to burned rice stuck to the bottom of a pot.

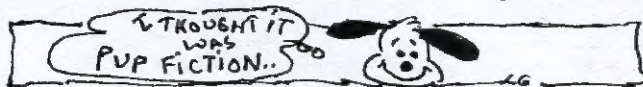
Kittridge Cherry.

WOMANWORDS.

New York: Kodansha, p. 35.

June 2, 1995. Big Moon-in at Stanford today, an attempt to make the Guinness book. Lots of bare buns on display briefly. Some imitations of Beavis and Butthead, patron saints of mooning.

Finally saw an episode of **TEKWAR**. It's a lowbrow show with a high tech overlay. I watched a woman beaten and strangled with a Virtual Reality rationale. Didn't work for me. No cigar, Shatner.



Am I the only one who thought **PULP FICTION** was a pile of unregenerate racist horseshit slid into the public psyche under a parody cover? Looks like it. I finally watched its precursor, **NATURAL BORN KILLERS**, in which a couple of really nasty rotten assholes boogie around killing just about anyone and everyone then go off in an RV to live happily ever after. Do these films, which glorify scumbags, represent **THE FUTURE**? Is this the bloody face of things to come? Which is worse, reality or the tv movie version? On April 19, the OJ trial, which has turned into one of history's longest yawns, was blown off the little screen by a midwestern bomber seeking revenge against the government for the slaughter of the Branch Davidians. Before you can say *Juice! Juice!* there'll be a tv movie about the bomber and the bombing using actual footage of the Federal building in Oklahoma City. A year or so ago, I saw a tv movie starring James Garner in his old Rockford role; that film included actual footage of the Malibu hills fire and the street action after the Rodney King verdict and ended with a simulated earthquake. More and more reality appears in tv films as fantasy fails to measure up.

Clay Geerdes

When I started **Comix World** in October of 1973, it was not the focal point of my life, just one of many writing projects with which I was involved. I wrote regularly for the Los Angeles **FREE PRESS**, Berkeley **BARB**, **ADAM**, **COAST**, and countless other magazines. I lived in Berkeley up near Indian Rock Park, but I spent most of my time on the streets of Berkeley and San Francisco. I had to farm a lot of material for my regular entertainment columns and had no time to focus on any one thing in depth. Freelancing was not like teaching. I didn't have time for research and it was of little interest to my editors.

1973 was a time of sex, drugs, and rock and roll music. Sounds like a deadly cliché in 1995, the year of sex, drugs, mutilation, and MTV, but I have to be honest about it all, otherwise, why write a memoir? The creative people I met on my rounds had come to the Bay Area to drop acid, play music, and chase one another from crash pad to Fillmore to Hippy Hill in search of the perfect acid orgasm. Most were young, very young. For every person my age, 39, there must have been several thousand runaway teenagers.

Nobody came to the Bay Area to draw underground comix for a living. Forget that. Nobody I know ever made a *living* out of drawing them. The comix were on a roll in the early seventies, because there were several companies committed to getting them out regularly, but I wouldn't call it the best of times. Most people still think of the underground comix as sixties, but there were only a handful around then; underground comix expanded into an industry in the seventies. When I first moved to Haight-Ashbury in 1965, the only comix I saw in the Psychedelic Shop were those drawn by Joel Beck. Robert Crumb and Don Donahue didn't publish the first **ZAP** in comic format until February of 1968, though Crumb's style was already making people laugh via reprints of his *Head Comix* in underground papers like **YARROWSTALKS** and **THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER [EVO]**.

I became involved with the whole comix trip by accident. Arlene Elster advertised an Erotic Film Festival in the Berkeley **BARB** for the Fall of 1970 and I read the ad and was assigned to do a story on the event for **ADAM**. Arlene and a partner were running the Sutter Cinema on Sutter Street in San Francisco, so I went over to talk to her and get some background. Sitting in the lobby was Roger Brand. Roger had the latest ad he had drawn for the theater, a comic strip called the *SUTTER FOLLIES*. He was friendly and we talked and when Arlene came in we all went through a secret passage into a basement room beneath the building where we sat and smoked a joint and talked about the erotic film business. The Sutter Cinema was located in the building that had once been home to Charlie Low's **FORBIDDEN CITY**, a clandestine night club, and the room where we were toking had been an opium den in those bygone days.

After we left the theater, I gave Roger a lift back to his place out in Point Richmond and he gave me a concise lecture on the history of

underground comix and their relationship to things like the earlier Entertaining Comics [ECs], The Comics Code of 1954, and McCarthyism. Brand was the ultimate comic historian. He had all the early books on the subject and had read them all carefully. Harvey Kurtzman, the creator of **MAD** [1952], was his guru and he spoke of him with adoration and respect. In New York, Roger had inked for Wally Wood for awhile, then become involved with his own underground strip, **STRAWBRICK**, for **EVO**. He was the first person I had met who took the field of comic art seriously. The fact that he considered it worthy of critical study and evaluation influenced me to do a series of reports on the subject for the Los Angeles *Free Press* [**FREEP**]. It was Roger who passed me along from cartoonist to cartoonist and without his friendship and encouragement I doubt that I would have continued to write about the field.

I liked most of the comix. Not all of them. There were many I thought worthless and some I just didn't care about because they did not speak to me. Comics are a personal thing and one's degree of involvement is intricately related to the extent to which one sees his own fears and fantasies reflected in those little mirrors we call panels. Once I became involved with the underground comix scene, the cartoonists and publishers expected me to review all the books [favorably, of course] and write continual hype for the product. My early columns and newsletters reflect this biased attitude. While I avoided personal gossip, I was still thought of as a gossip by many. Some thought I was exploiting them! What a joke that was. I got little or nothing for all that purple prose. They had the product to sell, not me. They needed attention, not me. I could have filled my space in **FREEP** or **BARB** with rap about hippies milling in on streetcorners or having smoke-ins on the steps of college administration buildings. I felt I was doing cartoonists a favor when I promoted their stuff in my columns. I wanted them to sell some books and make some money.

I learned a lot during those days. Not only about comix, cartooning, and publishing. I learned how people come together in a scene and how they relate to one another. Later, when I was doing my newsletter, I got a lot of mail from people outside the Bay Area, guys who wanted to know how to get published in underground comix. They assumed it was an open door, but it never was. Very few outsiders got published.

This is how an underground comic came together. An artist got an idea. He worked it out, then asked various friends to contribute. Usually, he did the cover and one of the stories, then asked others for the rest. Since undergrounds averaged 32 pages and a cover, the internal art was divided into a number of stories two to ten pages in length. Once the first issue was together, it was assumed that the second issue would include the same people so the door was closed. People tended to stay together. Roger Brand had known Kim Deitch in New York and they continued to work together when both moved to the Bay Area. Bill Griffith knew Roger from **EVO**, so Roger was asked to contribute to **YOUNG LUST**. After getting out a few issues of **ZAP**, Crumb met S. Clay Wilson, Rick Griffin, Victor Moscoso, Spain, Gilbert

Shelton, and Robert Williams and the format of **ZAP** was set in concrete. Since the comix always evolved out of a specific group of contributors and since most of the issues were organized around a theme [however obscure], it was impossible for an outsider to get in. Even close buddy cartoonists were rejected if their style didn't synchronize with what the others wanted for the overall image of the mag. Outsiders, seeing their first **ZAP** in a midwestern head shop, thought the door was open, so they sent in artwork which was routinely ignored.

While underground comix were never the sixties fad they have been called by writers who ought to know better, they were a product of one of the most unusual periods in American history. Haight-Ashbury was like a carnival that never closed down. Dawn to dark, the street was crowded with people hanging out, getting stoned, staying stoned, tripping, daydreaming, listening to the latest dylan or Beatles album for some spiritual or political insight, dressing up in the images of the past, having a good time, or having a shitty time on bad street drugs and diseased sex. Something was always going on, always happening. Celebrities appeared here and there and they weren't surrounded by bodyguards. The musicians that played at the Fillmore and Avalon hung around on the street and often sang free in Golden Gate Park. You didn't have to go to a faked Woodstock and pay \$135 bucks to get in and sweat with the mass. A lot of things were free. The highs and lows of this period are reflected in the early **ZAPS**, in Shelton's **FREAK BROTHERS** strips and Bobby London's **DIRTY DUCK** stuff. It was a great time to be in the Bay Area. I don't idealize it. Someone is always going to say, *what about the people who overdosed and got diseases and got beat up by bike gangs--well, what about them?* There was nothing new about bike gangs and hard drug dealers. They were part of the local scene long before Haight-Ashbury. But the art, theater, music, and general creativity in the atmosphere was at an unprecedented peak in late 1968. It is no accident that the rock posters from this period are valuable collector's items today, nor that the history of comics was changed forever by the success of the alternative companies, most of which located on the West Coast and allowed creators to retain the rights to their work.

By the late seventies, a generation of young people had grown up reading underground comix and out of that group some wanted to draw them. They wanted in. They were tired of getting shitty rejection slips from **ARCADE** and **COMIX BOOK**. They wanted to do it. When I became aware of all this energy out there, I started the **COMIX WORLD MINI-SERIES**, publishing by xerox and offset over 500 little digest-zines and minicomix. Most of the art in my **COMIX WAVE** magazine had made the rounds. This was the stuff that had been rejected by what was to these artists, the underground "establishment." I encouraged everyone to take control of their own lives, not to submit and wait, but to publish their own. To launch the project, I made up a couple of dozen titles like **BABYFAT** and **FRIED BRAINS** and asked various cartoonists on my mailing list if they would submit a panel or two. To stimulate the art, I collected weird news articles and sent xeroxes of

them along with my requests. If several artists illustrated the same clipping, that was fine: I published them all. I made it a point not to be the editor. Whatever I got went into print and the cartoonist got a few copies to hand out to friends. Many people wanted to do their own titles and I published all of these, too. That was the idea, after all, to stimulate art and help people feel they were a part of something. This mini period lasted about five years and I thoroughly enjoyed it. I loved getting the art in the mail, seeing what new nuttiness cartoonists like Par Holman or David Miller or George Erling or Jim Siergey or Jim Williams had come up with. I was always amazed at how prolific some of the people were. Brad Foster, Jane Oliver, Kevin Eastman, John Howard, Steve Willis, Roldo, and Brad Caslor come to mind.

The minicomix were a great success. Not economically, of course, because they never sold well, but they were a wonderful irritation to both the Eastern and Western Establishments and that was pleasing to a young generation. After about five years, many of the cartoonists began to get into other publications or to expand their own publishing companies and I realized my part was over. A younger generation took charge. I continued to write **COMIX WAVE** for awhile, but less and less material came my way and I was no longer interested in pursuing the subject, writing obituaries, and, ultimately becoming a chronicler of the aging and dying. I stopped advertising and began slowly to lost touch. Many of the cartoonists and animators I had been close to were long dead by then, people like Bob Clampett, Jack Kirby, Roger Brand, and Greg Irons. People I had corresponded with regularly wrote me less and less and I knew most of them had drifted into their own marriages, children, businesses, and divorces; **COMIX WAVE**, as a network of working writers and cartoonists had ceased to exist. One of the reasons my list was down was the Internet. Most of the younger people into comics were listing e-mail addresses and joining discussion groups listed on bulletin boards and hard copy newsletters like mine were obsolete to them. Had I decided to stay in the game, I would have connected my modem and joined in, but my interest had shifted elsewhere.

Xeroxines have continued to proliferate in America and I see them on sale in comic book stores now. There was even a booth at Wonder Con in April of 1995. Dozens of titles I had never heard of. There are probably several thousand titles around now and even while I sit here at the Quad someone has just run off the latest **LUNCH BOX LUST** or **OBSCENE OSCULATION FUNNIES**. The game is still on and it still pleases me to know about it, but I can no longer be a player.

I'm going to suspend **COMIX WAVE** with this issue. I may write other issues at some future time; I'm not closing that option, but for now I have other things on my mind. Those of you who wish may keep in touch with me. I'm keeping the box number and will answer my mail, but there just isn't sufficient comix action these days to justify a regular newsletter.

Collectors who wish may send me a current want list since I may sell some of the things I have before donating my collection to an archive. I don't have any of the really rare undergrounds for sale, so don't anticipate. I have a few copies of the newwaves I published and when they are gone, that's it. It's been a good game in many ways and I want to thank those of you who stuck with me to the end. For fellow completists, this is **COMIX WAVE 163**.

—Clay Geerdes, August 5, 1995.